UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese } ***Associate Editors***

Economic Equality, the Real Goal

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

The Paris Disarmament Conference

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Tyranny of Liberty

A Play by
ELEANOR WOOD WHITMAN

India, the Down-Trodden Country

A Book Review by
EDWARD HOLTON JAMES

VOLUME CVIII NUMBER 15

Chicago, December 28, 1931

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June — *Subscription $3.00*
Published Bi-Weekly July to September — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago. Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor in Chief*
EDITH LLOYD JONES, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors
LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

Board of Directors
MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON, Treasurer
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. EDITH LLOYD JONES
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Board
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
RAYMOND H. PALMER
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors
LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors
W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
PERCY M. DAWSON
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
FREDERICK STARR
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
JAMES H. WEST

Foreign Representatives
AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
CANADA—NORMAN STEWART DOWD
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 235
Economic Equality, the Real Goal—EDMUND B. CHAFFEE..... 237
Jottings—J. H. H..... 240
ARTICLES—
The Paris Disarmament Conference—SYDNEY STRONG..... 240
The Tyranny of Liberty—A Play by ELEANOR WOOD WHITMAN. 242
POETRY—
If This Is All—*Alban Asbury*..... 235
Trumpets on New Horizons:
Christmas Things—MARGARET LATHROP LAW..... 247
The World—GEORGIANA BALE KING..... 247
Arraignment—LORI PETRI..... 247
Prayer of a Myope—ETHEL MIRIAM PICK..... 247
Hokku—WILLIAM ALLEN WARD..... 247
The Fellowship of the Cross—RAYMOND KRESENSKY..... 247
THE STUDY TABLE—
India, the Down-Trodden Country—EDWARD HOLTON JAMES.. 245
CORRESPONDENCE—
A Journey to the Caribbean—HUBERT C. HERRING..... 247
THE FIELD—
The Seminar in the Caribbean, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Santa Domingo, Panama, Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba..... 234

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Seminar in the Caribbean

Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Santa Domingo, Panama, Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba

A cooperative study of the life and culture of the Caribbean peoples and of their relations with the United States. Second annual session, January 23-February 10, 1932.

The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America is an educational venture based on the belief that the fundamentals of true international cooperation are found in the realm of human relations. Its method is the establishing of contacts between representative citizens of the United States and Latin America by holding Seminars in Latin America and by encouraging the visits of distinguished Latin Americans to the United States.

The committee exists to plead no man's special propaganda. Its approach is that of an open forum whose members enter a country as guests to observe and study the social and economic problems of the people. Within this forum, the seminar members—molders of public opinion in the United States, authorities on Latin America, lay people interested in international relations—meet the Latin American leaders who are directing the work and shaping the policies of their countries. The directness of the contact, the interplay of ideas and opinions, the actual observance of a people in their own environment give the individual an intelligent and understanding introduction to a country.

It is a fixed policy of the committee that no resolutions be adopted, no findings reported. This in no way limits the freedom of expression of individual members. It simply defines the spirit and purpose of the committee in its projects.

The committee is a nonprofit organization. Its program is supported in part by the fees of those participating, in part by the contributions of men and women who believe that the United States faces no more incisive test of the integrity of its national purposes than in Mexico, Central America, the islands of the Caribbean and the republics of South America.

The first project of the committee is the Annual Seminar in Mexico, now in its seventh year. The Seventh Session will be held in Mexico City July 3-23, 1932.

The second project of the committee is the Annual Seminar in the Caribbean, now in its second year.

The Seminar in the Caribbean was successfully inaugurated in 1931. Its members were received with warmth and frankness by the leaders in Porto Rico, Santa Domingo, Panama, Haiti and Cuba. They were given fascinating glimpses of the life of the islands. They spent many hours on shipboard in the discussion of Caribbean history, economics and problems under a faculty of experts on Caribbean questions. They returned with a new sense of the tragic importance of our relations to

(*Continued on page* 247)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1931 Number 15

IF THIS IS ALL

If this is all—one little ball
Of transitory Earth,
And we must fall, at Death's last call,
Like apples—no more worth,
Why do the stars make pathways for my eyes,
The moon with melody fill all the skies,
Creation's anthem peal for each sunrise—
If our Earth ball is all?

If Life is meat and only meat,
For one swift day—then Night,
And I must eat my morsel sweet,
E'er fades its fitful light,
What means this surge within like mystic leaven,
Why do my hungers reach from hell to heaven,
My soul range universes seven times seven,
If Life is only meat?

—Alban Asbury

The dead of 1931 include at least two names which are destined to echo forever

Down the corridors of time.

The first of these two names is MARSHALL JOFFRE. Opinions differ, and probably will always differ, as to the exact rank of this great Frenchman as a soldier. But history will always record, so long as history is read, that Joffre was victor at the battle of the Marne, which was the sixteenth decisive battle of the world. The second of these two immortals is THOMAS A. EDISON. The name of the American inventor is as little likely to be forgotten as the world which he illuminated is likely to return to the darkness of the age of candles. Edison was a legend in his lifetime, and will be a perpetual glory to posterity. Of the remaining dead we can think of only one which promises to have a survival value in any way comparable to these two. This is ARNOLD BENNETT, the distinguished English novelist. Most of Bennett's novels, like most novels, and like all of his own plays, essays and short stories, will probably in due course fall into neglect. But this writer produced at least one book which is destined to live—namely, "The Old Wives' Tale." It is our sober judgment that this great story is as sure to carry Arnold Bennett's name into the future as "The Vicar of Wakefield" is carrying Oliver Goldsmith's name, and "Tom Jones" is carrying Fielding's. Bennett's death was an irreparable loss not only to English but to world letters. He was in the fullness of his powers, and it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that he might yet have produced another novel of the first rank. As it was, his last work, "Imperial Palace Hotel," just missed attaining the crest of supreme achievement.

The literary world lost not only Bennett, but many another famous author. Across the seas we note the name of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, the Viennese playwright, ERIC AXEL KARLFELDST, Swedish poet and winner of the Nobel Prize for 1931; KATHERINE TYNAN, the Irish poet, and among English writers, SIR HALL CAINE, FRANK HARRIS, LUCAS MALET, and E. BARRINGTON. Just where to place TRADER HORN as a man is as difficult to decide as where to place him as a writer, but as he published in England and was thus first presented to readers in England, we put him there. In America we mourn our most recent loss as our most heavy one—the passing of VACHEL LINDSAY. To this truly great native poet must be added the Irish-American poet, DENNIS ALOYSIUS MCCARTHY; the Syrian-American poet, KAHLIL GIBRAN, author of the "Prophet"; the Swedish-American novelist, O. E. ROLVAAG; the famous Harvard historian, Professor EDWARD CHANNING; the author of that notable best-seller, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," Dr. GEORGE E. DORSEY; and the editor of the American Dictionary of National Biography, Professor ALLEN JOHNSON. To these must be added two magazine editors, JOHN BRISBANE WALKER and E. H. ABBOTT; and two book publishers, FLEMING H. REVELL and WILLIAM MORROW. Literature is not far removed from the world of scholarship. Here the dead include such notable names as Professors WILTON CARR ARTHUR SETH PRINGLE-PATTISON, of England; JOHN L. BURGESS and FRANKLIN K. GIDDINGS, of Columbia; S. I. BAILEY, the Harvard Astronomer, and GEORGE FOOTE MOORE, of the Harvard Divinity School. The great DAVID STARR JORDAN was both a scholar and, as founder and president of Leland Stanford University, a distinguished college executive. Among other such executives who died this past year were SAMUEL W.

STRATTON, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; GEORGE S. DAVIS, of Hunter College, New York; E. A. ALDERMAN, of the University of Virginia; S. E. MEZES, of the College of the City of New York; and the beloved PRESIDENT OLDS, of Amherst. Science lost the great figures of Professor A. A. MICHELSON, of Chicago, GUSTAVE LE BON, of Paris, and AUGUST FOREL, of Switzerland.

Of all the various fields of human action, none was so seriously stricken by death in 1931 as religion. First among the leaders who passed away was the great Archbishp NATHAN SODERBLOM, of Upsala, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. Also there died abroad Archdeacon ROBERT HENRY CHARLES, of Westminister; Rev. ALFRED GOUGH, a famous English nonconformist preacher; and our own friend and UNITY associate, Dr. WALTER WALSH, founder and leader of the Free Religious Movement in London. American Unitarians lost the aged veterans, CHARLES W. WENDTE and EDWARD A. HORTON; also EDGAR SWAN WIERS, in the full tide of his great ministry in Montclair, New Jersey; and THOMAS VAN NESS. The Ethical Culturists were sorely afflicted in the death of WILLIAM N. SALTER and HENRY GOLDWIN. We must further list OZORA S. DAVIS, Congregationalist; CHARLES N. LATHROP and WILLIAM HARMON VAN ALLEN, Episcopalians; FATHER KELLEY, the Roman Catholic "fighting chaplain"; JONATHAN DAY, one time minister of the New York Labor Temple; and our own UNITY editorial contributor, Rev. CHARLES E. BEALS. To these clergymen must be added the names of Dr. HENRY KING CARROLL, who was noted as a religious statistician. How close the field of religion is to that of social work was shown by the late ANNA GARLIN SPENCER who passed easily and constantly from one field to the other. Other well-known social workers, dead this past year, include Mrs. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, Mrs. IDA HUSTED HARPER and Mrs. WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER; also ROBERT W. DE FOREST, charity organizer; LEE K. FRANKEL, social insurance expert; Dr. JAMES F. COOPER, birth control advocate; and GAYLORD S. WHITE, head of the Union Settlement, New York. Properly to be named in this group is the immortal Jewish philanthropist, NATHAN STRAUS. As truly of this man as of any man whom we have ever known, it may be said, His body is buried in peace, but his work lives on forever!

Politics has its usual long roll of the dead. Here may be noted, HUSSEIN, king of the Hedjaz; Pandit MOTILAL NEHRU, great Indian and friend of Gandhi; HERMANN MUELLER, twice German chancellor; ARMAND FALLIERES and LOUIS LOUCHEUR, French statesmen; T. J. MACNAMARA, English Liberal; and TIM HEALY, of Ireland. The United States has lost DWIGHT MORROW, NICOLAS LONGWORTH, HOKE SMITH, Senator THADDEUS H. CARAWAY, Assistant Secretary of State JOSEPH P. COTTER, Ex-Governor EDWARD I. EDWARDS, of New Jersey; Representative HENRY ALLEN COOPER, of Wisconsin; Hon. ROLAND W. BOYDEN, and Mrs. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE. The soldiers who passed, in addition to Joffre, were HENRI BERTHELOT, of France and Gen. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, of the U. S. A. The theatre lost its most illustrious figure, DAVID BELASCO; also, ALMA RUBENS, the movie star; ANNA PAVLOWA, dancer; BESSIE MCCOY DAVIS, the "yama-yama" girl; and, among actors, LOUIS MANN, LOUIS WOLHEIM, ROBERT EDSON, ROBERT AMES, MACLYN ARBUCKLE, ANDREW MACK, LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, and J. E. DODSON. From the world of art went EDWARD ROBINSON, of the Metropolitan Art Museum; PHILIP L. HALE, painter; DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, sculptor; Sir WILLIAM ORPEN, English academician, and A. W. ROGERS, cartoonist. From the world of music, the immortal MELBA; the French composer, VINCENT D.'INDY; the American composer, GEORGE WHITE CHADWICK; and the Belgian violinist, EUGENE YSAYE. The list of "miscellaneous" is long: GEORGE F. BAKER and MORTIMER SCHIFF, bankers; E. W. BEDFORD, oil magnate; DE LANCEY NICOLL, lawyer; PETER BRADY, financier; MR. WHITLAW REID, society leader; JOHN L. STODDARD, lecturer; ALFRED W. MCCANN, food expert; Sir THOMAS LIPTON, yachtsman and tea merchant; E. L. VOTEY, inventor of the pianola; Sir CHARLES PARSONS, designer of turbine engines; KNUTE ROCKNE, football coach; CHARLES A. COMISKEY and BAN JOHNSON, baseball magnates; HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN, inventor and exploiter of rubber heels; and Mrs. MARY HUGHES, of "Mary had a little lamb" fame. How varied the renown of men!

Little by little Ramsay MacDonald is paying the price. Yesterday he had to consent to the scrapping of free trade, for which he has been an ardent proponent all his days. Now he has to agree to the shelving of the land taxation scheme put through by Snowden and the Labor Party in the great budget of 1931. This land scheme was one of the very few constructive achievements of the Labor government in fulfilment of its platform pledges and proposals. Everything else was either forgotten or ignored, but here was one thing, the taxation of land values, which proved that Laborites were not Liberals, or perhaps Tories, under another name. How Snowden was acclaimed for his leadership in putting this plan into his budget and carrying it through the Commons! And with what satisfaction was begun the work of surveying the land to the end of ascertaining its value for taxation purposes! Here was at least the beginning of a new era in English history—and here is the be-

ginning ended almost as soon as it was begun! For Neville Chamberlain has duly risen in the Commons and announced that he had suspended payments on the work of ascertaining land valuations and dismissed the staff which had been organized for the task. Did Philip Snowden, now Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw, consent to this murder of his pet child? Not apparently without a fight, for rumors have crossed the seas that he threatened in Cabinet to resign. But MacDonald apparently consented without a murmur, thus carrying on with perfect complacency the job of butchering with his own hand the labors of a lifetime. How long this sort of thing will last, who can say? Of course, the Tories, now in the saddle, will not cease their hard riding. But some day the Prime Minister must encounter some sacrifice of life-principle which even he cannot make. Then he will resist—and straightway be ousted and thrown on the scrap-heap by the Tory benches. Alas, what an end to a great career!

Wonder of wonders! This is the age of miracles. A pacifist, Jane Addams, has won the Nobel Peace Prize! Other Americans have won it in days gone by — Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, General Dawes, Secretary Kellogg, good fighters all. And now Nicholas Murray Butler splits the 1931 prize with Miss Addams, in spite of a war record in 1914-1918 which no German junker nor French chauvinist could hope to excell or even match. But we can forgive and forget everything in the satisfaction we feel over this honor which has come unsought to the distinguished head of Hull House. Miss Addams is first of all a pacifist in the real sense of the word—she does not wear the garb of white in days of peace, only to buckle on her armor in days of war. Secondly, this noble woman is a private citizen—she has never held the public office which has hitherto seemed to be a condition of recognition by the Swedish judges. Lastly, she is a citizen altogether outside the partisan political ranks which give respectability and influence to workers for the public good. For once everything is perfect in the granting of a Nobel Prize —there seems nothing ridiculous about this award, nor yet incongruous nor mistaken. The applause which has swept around the world testifies to men's instinctive response to what is beautifully fitting. It also proves anew the genuine strength of the pacifist sentiment which is now rooted in the hearts of men. Not in disarmament conferences, nor economic round tables, nor diplomatic visitations, nor yet in leagues of nations and world courts, can we today find hope for peace, but rather in common multitudes of earth who reverence and acclaim Jane Addams at once for the sanctity of her life and the rightness of her convictions.

Economic Equality, the Real Goal

Social classes had their origin in the monstrous institution of human slavery. The evil social inheritance of that institution still torments us by giving a small part of our population the full confidence that they are entitled to far more consideration than the masses and by giving those same masses a group inferiority complex. In these days of social unrest when the forms of society we have known seem to be crumbling, it becomes increasingly clear that the real drive in it all is the growing conviction on the part of common every day folks that human beings ought to have economic equality. The principle of legal equality has been established. It remains now to make it effective by extending it to the economic field. Such is the partly conscious and partly subconscious thought of the plain people of the world. I share that conviction and I believe the time has come for us to advance boldly toward the goal of economic equality.

I hear at once an old objection. It is an objection made vivid in the story of one of the Rothschilds who was told that all the property of the world ought to be divided equally. He replied by handing the speaker a franc which he said was one share of it. The objection is this, if we put it in more definite language, that there is just so much income in this country. Even though you divided that income equally there would still be poverty for there just isn't enough to go around. We may see many men with incomes of millions but even if these vast sums were taken from them there are so many to divide them among that the general average would not be so very much greater than it is today. There is of course a real measure of truth in all this. Even in rich United States we are not producing enough to give all the people the necessaries and comforts of life. But the answer is to be found in the fact that the real reason we are not producing enough is because we have such tremendous wastes. We throw money away in useless advertising; we let part of the people have useless luxuries before the rest are fed; we spend a good deal of our energy in things which are not useful, that promote ill being rather than well being; and above all we do not so plan our national economy as to pull together and produce as we could on a well conceived national plan. This new machine technique which came in with the industrial revolution and which still advances toward ever more amazing productivity makes it perfectly possible for us, if we

rightly co-ordinate our efforts to give all our people not only the necessaries but also the comforts of life. There was an excuse for slavery in the old days of the great slave empires when they had to depend upon agriculture and the handcrafts. It was not possible to produce enough for all. Now it is possible. The time has come for us to take this new machine technique and wipe out the last vestige of human slavery. Probably for the first time in human history it becomes a practicable possibility to have economic equality on a national scale.

But when I say that the time has come for us to advance boldly toward this goal of economic equality I say this still more vigorously on moral grounds. It is the only way we can achieve a stable human society with the individual members of it reasonably happy. There is a college in the central west where for quite a period of years the teachers were paid equally and that college faculty was noted for its harmony and the fine esprit de corps which was in it. Then a new administration came in and the new president said that such equality was not the proper method, that there must be a more business like way. So the pay of some men was increased; they were paid in fact somewhere near the figure that their services would bring in the college professor market. The result of this new policy has been most disastrous in that the college faculty is now torn by jealousies; there is bickering and friction and constant effort is being made by individuals to get ahead of one another in pay and the emoluments of office. Of course most of us know that one of the greatest causes of unhappiness in modern America is the habit of trying to keep up with the Joneses. We are going to have class conflict and an unstable human society just as long as there is substantial inequality in economic incomes.

Some years ago the great English writer Matthew Arnold pointed out that inequality was incompatible with the spirit of humanity and the sense of dignity of man as man which are the marks of a truly civilized society. "On the one side" he said, "inequality harms by pampering; on the other by vulgarizing and depressing. A system founded on it is against nature and, in the long run, breaks down." We need to be reminded that inequality harms the privileged as well as the under-privileged. It tends to make them soft in their mental and moral fibre. They are shielded from the bitter winds of life and they can never develop the strength which comes from meeting difficulties on one's own merits. Such inequality as is the lot of some of our wealthy families today is a moral curse too for it allows them to do as they wish and sets little curb upon their appetites. Moreover it has a tendency to weaken their capacity for impartial judgment in ethical matters. As R. H. Tawney the English economist says:

> Inequality pads the lives of its beneficiaries with a soft down of consideration, while relieving them of the vulgar necessity of justifying their pretensions, and secures that, if they fall, they fall on cushions. It disposes us on the one hand, to take for granted ourselves and our own advantages, as though there were nothing in them which could possibly need explanation, and, on the other hand, to be critical of claims to similar advantages advanced by our neighbors who do not yet possess them.

And the same thought was well expressed by an ancient Hebrew writer Jesus Ben Sira when he said,

> When a rich man is shaken he is held up by his friends, but when a lowly man falls he is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen there are many helpers. He says unmentionable things and men justify him: A lowly man falls, and men rebuke him; he utters wisdom, and no attention is given him.

I mention this side of the picture because it is well for us to remember that inequality has a bad effect upon the privileged as well as the under-privileged. The spiritual successors of the slave owners are victims of social inequality too. It is then with such thoughts as these in mind that I say the time has come for us to advance boldly toward the goal of economic equality.

And how shall we bring this about? Our program must have two sides. On the one there is the necessity for bringing about radical changes in our economic organization and on the other there is the equal need of changing our basic attitude. We must change our economic organization quite frankly with the goal in mind of achieving a much more equitable distribution of economic goods than we have at the present time. Now this cannot be done by the simple process of taking the total income of the country and dividing it equally. Little would be accomplished in that way. What we need instead is through taxes upon the great incomes to get more and more that can be used in social services. A few more dollars added to your income and to mine would not make better hospital and medical services available for us to any marked extent. But if many millions more were spent by the state and nation and city upon these services which would be available to all it would raise our health standards a long ways. In the same way high taxes upon the large incomes would make it possible to have better housing for the industrial population of our cities. By adding a few dollars to the income of all of us we could not afford much better homes than we do at present but if these millions in taxation were pooled by the government and used to provide better homes those homes would be forthcoming. And it almost goes without saying that we must make our best educational facilities open and available to all. In the same way an immense amount could be done to improve the roads of the country. There are over 200,000 unprotected grade crossings in this country which need to be wiped out. Moreover there is need for more recreational facilities for the public, golf courses, tennis courts, ball fields, skating rinks and the like. The list is long of those facilities which have in previous days been open only to those who could pay for them but which today could be made the right of all of us. The point is just this that such

an approach to our problem would give us the advantages which come from large scale production. We could do for a million people in a collective way at a small per capita cost what we could not do at all by merely giving each one a little larger income. Thereby the real income as distinguished from the money income of the average man would be greatly increased. As an English economist well says,

> A small sum spent collectively on needs which are urgent yields more significant results than a larger sum spent in driblets on needs which are not.

So then our first step in re-organizing our economic life with the goal of equality before us is to increase the social services furnished by the community by levying much higher taxes upon the great incomes of the community.

The second step toward this economic re-organization is one which needs to be stressed just as forcibly. And this step I believe is almost inevitable no matter what anyone of us may think about it. It is fairly obvious now that the economic system is tending steadily toward some form of unified direction under state control. That issue between individualism and socialism has already been decided. Most of us will live to see the government take over the essential industries of the nations. By this I mean the great industries which have a stranglehold upon the life of the people. And this will be a definite step in the direction of equality for there can be no equality as long as a few individuals control those essential or key industries. Such state control would I believe make it possible to wipe out unemployment and such a mess as we have now but that is not my point just now. I am looking at this measure merely from the point of view of promoting equality. By taking over such key industries as power, banking and credit, the means of communication such as the telephone and the telegraph and the radio and our great natural resources, such as the forests and the mines, it would be possible to eliminate those who now tyrannize over us. Such a move would prevent the exploitation by the few of these basic necessaries. Such a move would in addition increase every man's feeling of self respect by giving him the consciousness that these basic industries were as truly owned by him as by anyone.

Facing the question then of the economic organization necessary to produce something like economic equality we have seen that our first obvious steps are to increase the services rendered by the community to its members and so increase the real income of the people and to couple with this the taking over by the public of the basic industries.

But we must not forget that to banish inequality something else is needed. There is a lion in the path. Men today have economic inequality because they constantly think of themselves as inferior. That old slave mentality still persists. Men are dominated over because they let themselves be thus dominated. The ultimate basis of the power wielded by the holders of privilege is the belief of those who submit that these privileged ones can confer benefits and inflict evils. This power is unquestionably there and it is terrible. But it is also fragile. To destroy it men have only to be indifferent to its threats. A profane but wise man once defined utopia or the ideal state as one in which any man could say to any other man, "Go to Hell" but where no man wants to say it and no man need go when it is said. If the masses of men, if the industrial workers want to be treated as equal they need to think of themselves as men and not mere underlings. There must come a new attitude. We need to hear again the words of Jesus, the Galilean carpenter, "Call no man your master." The vast majority of our workers today, even those best organized, are too ready to forget fundamental issues and allow themselves to be bought off with a little increase in pay or a slight reduction in hours. They are too willing to accept the basic point of view of their masters, to feel that these same masters possess a kind of "mana" or mysterious wisdom which enables them to bring prosperity or depression. Even labor leaders seem overawed by the privilege of saluting their lords. Inequality is a set of ideas in the back of men's minds and it will never be destroyed until those ideas are changed. It is then this desire for equality which gives the drive to the mass movements today. We are trying to destroy the monstrous inheritance of human slavery which has dogged man's footsteps down through the ages. It is equality which the colored races are seeking as they face the white man's world; it is equality which the workers really want and for which they will battle till they get it. To secure this basic good is difficult; it will probably take generations so ingrained in the very fibre of our being is the illusion that we must be unequal in our social privileges. But we must battle for it and the spearhead of that battle today is in the economic field. But to achieve it in any worthwhile way means far more than each man demanding his rights, it means that each man must think just as much, yes still more, of his duties, of the responsibility he has of serving his fellows. Each of us must learn to think not merely of what he can get but of what he can give. There never can come real equality until we are willing to chart our lives by the words of all true religion: "Do unto others as you would that others would do unto you." And those ringing words of Jesus,

> The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so but he that is greatest among you let him be as the younger and he that is chief as he that doth serve.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Jottings

So far as we can understand at all the League of Nations' settlement of the Manchurian question, Japan is allowed to keep Manchuria provided she promises not to march on and take China, too.

Stuart Chase, if he were a dictator, would shoot the nudists. Dean Inge, if he were a dictator, would abolish rouge and lipsticks. Let's have a dictator!

A new miracle—photography in perfect darkness! This should be a useful means for testing the phenomena of spiritualist seances, and thus laying to rest for good and all the doubts which so obstinately cling to the dark cabinet.

The government regulates the railroads, it guarantees the banks, it builds the dams and power-houses. Why does it not also own and operate these things, and thus really protect the people?

The publisher of a new biography of the late Frank Harris states that in this book the author has done for Harris what Harris himself has done for Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. We are not the author in question, but if we were, we would be asking what our publisher meant by insulting us in this fashion.

The Ethical Culture *Standard* reminds us that, in 1918, Ramsay MacDonald signed a manifesto "calling on Englishmen to get together on a certain date in order to start a revolution in emulation of Russia and establish democracy in Britain." So there was a time when MacDonald was not a Tory!

J. H. H.

The Paris Disarmament Conference

To go from Geneva to Paris by train takes nine hours. While Americans in Geneva and Paris were celebrating Thanksgiving, recalling the simple habits of the Pilgrims, in song, dinners, speeches and dancing, the two-day Disarmament Study Conference was opened, at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris. Over 1,000 delegates registered from 30 nations, representing 538 organizations. I went from Geneva on purpose to attend. Here are a few impressions:

1. *Purpose.* The purpose of the Conference was to give opportunity to the peoples of all nations for expression in favor of the substantial reduction of armaments by international agreement. The conference was of British initiative, but the leading nations were represented in prominent ways—the French showing their interest in the arrangements. Few Americans took part in the proceedings. Among the "observers" I noted Mrs. Lloyd of Chicago, Miss Wood of New York, Frederick Libby of Washington, Ambassador Houghton, Mrs. Fox and Miss Dingham of the International Y. W. C. A. at Geneva. The Conference was intended to show the Governments that their people will support any proposal for peace, however bold, that their leaders may put before them, that would effectively contribute to moral disarmament. Many methods for disarmament were proposed and discusssed, but there were no "findings" endorsed by the Conference.

2. *Some personalities and features of the Conference.* Naturally, the first to mention is Robert Cecil, President of the Conference, with Henry de Jouvenal, Secretary. Robert Cecil easily heads the Peace forces of the British Empire—and they are well organized. I should say that half the delegates coming from outside France came from Great Britain. One delegate, a British Admiral (retired) made a telling argument for immediate disarmament. The President of the World Alliance of Churches—an Englishman—said that it was high time that the churches were waking up on War, or they would lose all rights to moral leadership. The President of 3,500,000 Trade Unionists said that the workers were tired of the old statesmen, who seemed unable to make Peace. He called for the abolition of military air-craft, of submarines, big battle-ships and private manufacture of munition.

Paul Boncour presided at one of the sessions, when How to Disarm was discussed. He said the first to be disarmed should be the orators, the press and the preachers. In referring to the Covenant, he said that while it was well to keep in mind that part which called for disarmament, the part calling for "safety" should not be overlooked. France was ready to enter into a contract involving mutual assistance, but other nations had not come across.

Baron von Rheinbaben also presided at a meeting. He said Germany was willing to enter into agreements to disarm, but their action was determined by their relation to others. There is need for equality. When Germany entered the League of Nations, she came to possess the same rights as any other nation. If for France safety is supreme, it is also supreme for Germany. Dr. Lüders, of the Reich, said that Disarmament was the greatest of questions. She held that it was the best way to progress. Women should be named on the Conference of Geneva. The leading women of the world were demanding disarmament. There is no benefit in war; for even the victors are defeated.

Denmark's representative brought words of cheer by the remark, that he represented the "smallest and wisest nation in the world, and Denmark has nothing to learn from this Conference on Why, When and How to Disarm, for she has disarmed."

M. Politis made one of the best addresses. He had some of the arts possessed by the ancient Greeks. He turned our attention to Articles 5 and 8 of the Covenant, by which the Allies had committed them-

selves to disarm, as a feature in the disarmament of the Central Powers. Before the War, the nations were living in a state of anarchy, in their relations toward one another. There has been some progress. War is now illegal. There is now no such thing as a neutral position.

M. Painleve—former French Minister of War—awakened a momentary furore by declaring that he would not now welcome total disarmament, since peace must be surrounded by conditions, conventions, precautions. His contentions brought forth a lively skirmish. But such differences of opinion were all valuable.

There was an interesting side-meeting Friday morning, held in the American Church, which has a striking gilded spire and cross. This meeting was for church people attending the Conference, to come to some understanding as how best to secure the transmission of information from the Geneva Conference to the outside world; also how best to bring proper influence upon Conference members to discover "whose auto is holding back the line of progress." It might be well to take down the name of Dr. J. Muller, 2 Rue de Montchoisy, Geneva, who was named Secretary of a Committee of Information and Promotion for the Geneva Conference. Bertram Pickard, Quaker Headquarters, Geneva, being the Chairman.

3. *The Trocadero Meeting.* The last meeting was to be a great mass meeting in the Trocadero. As Ambassador Houghton, who was one of the speakers on the program, remarked as he turned away, "I never saw anything like it!" The meeting is indescribable. My son, Tracy, and I had gone early, anticipating a rush. He speaks French and proves to be a trustworthy companion. But after three and half hours of orators seeking to speak, I had understood exactly as much as he had! It all reminded me of Paul's experience with the "wild beasts of Ephesus." This will go down in the annals of the Pacifists as "The Battle of the Seine!"

At 8:45 the wonderful Hall was packed to the roof. Literally, the flags of all nations decorated the galleries. A streamer, easily 500 feet long, carried the announcement that 1,063 delegates from 30 nations were in attendance on the Conference. Few, if any, gatherings had ever assembled representing more nations, coming with high resolves in their souls and burning messages in their minds. We looked at the carefully prepared program—19 orators (as the French call them)—and my son whispered, "We are in till midnight." What a feast! It was more than a flow of soul—it was to be a Niagara—a feast fit for the gods. I could imagine that Gabriel had ordered the best choir in heaven to be ready to sing at the end! Instead the little black imps furnished the tune!

At 8:45 M. Herriot, president of the meeting, arose to speak. He has a most commanding presence, and is personally popular, but to no avail. From all directions came calls, boos, personal questions. Nothing got over but his gestures. Evidently, some hundreds of the "gentlemen of the Right" were there bent on breaking up the meeting, since there had sprung up in the city objection to some Pacifist remarks that were passing into the public mind.

So, speaker after speaker. The representative of Cardinal Verdier, archbishop of Paris, started to read some words from his Eminence. He went down as quickly as if the Notre Dame team had rolled over him. Then a representative of Protestantism came forward with words of greeting. Then a messenger from the Grand Rabbi of France. There was no respect for Moses. This belligerent minority would not have it. The result was a continuous disturbance which prevented anyone hearing. There were fights—now in this gallery, then in that. One excited individual leaned over from one of the lower galleries and began to make a speech, different to the speeches from the platform, but he was compelled to finish it on a floor beneath.

Two speakers came up together—first M. Joos (German), second M. Scialoja (Italian). It made no difference—former foe or ally. The Italian tried a little trick, by whispering his speech to a score of people just in front of him. Robert Cecil's turn came. He got a little better treatment, partly because he spoke in English, and because M. Herriot shouted "Where is your French politeness?" But the translator of Cecil's speech went down like the others. Then, at 10:30, "Senator Borah will speak from Washington." (And I thought of Lafayette!) There started up a roar from the loud-speaker, first one side, then the other. But something went wrong. The Senator talked so loud perhaps that you could not hear him. It was one continuous roar. (His speech, and all the others, will probably be printed in "the minutes.") Some one tried to read a translation of the Senator's speech, which fortunately had been sent on before. But, no better luck. Former War Minister Painleve was treated the same. He was reminded of some of his short comings. Ambassador Houghton was crucified in the same way. He was not talking about reparations, but of Paris as a city of culture and learning. M. Madariaga of Spain had no more chance to be heard than a charging bull would have listened to him. It was the same when an American woman, Miss Dingman, brought words of greeting from the women of the world. Calls, whistles, occasional fights, etc., created a continuous confusion that made hearing impossible. And, even the popular Senator Jouvenel, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, was not permitted to give words of greeting and farewell to the distinguished people who had gathered in the most select auditorium of Paris, a few blocks from the Arc de Triomphe!

Serious as it all was—insulting, humiliating, expensive (1,000 police had been called and were around the building, and made many arrests inside)—there was yet an amusing side to it. I was slow to judge the French harshly, for I understand that it is quite the fashion for political meetings to suffer similar treatment. The police are rather easy in handling such crowds. And, those unheard speeches will undoubtedly be read by thousands, where hundreds were in the Battle of Trocadero!

4. *Conclusions.* There is not time to speak of the score of impressions that I carried away from the Conference, turning them over in my mind as the train crossed the fields of Sunny France to Geneva. In another letter, perhaps. Let me, however, refer to a couple of things: (1) As much as ever, I favor *total disarmament now.* The greatest safety lies in that direction. It could be done within a year. I hope Russia will repeat the offer she made for total disarmament. If it's bluff, call it. Instead, Britain offered most strenuous objection. Ditto U. S. A. (2) I wish some big nation (how proud I should be, if it were

my country!) would join Denmark in disarmament —and Denmark is in a most vulnerable location. Frankly, I do not discern any of the Big Powers big enough in morality of sense to start the ball rolling, in this direction. (3) Here is *my practical proposal,* namely: That all the nations should proceed to *disarm to the level of Germany* (*and the other Central Powers*). . . . It seems to me that the *principle of equality* must govern any real and just disarmament. If safety lies anywhere, it lies in equality. To cut down the armaments of the nations 10 or 20 or 30 per cent all round would only be saving money. It would not give any more safety. To be sure, the situation might be relieved some, if the big Powers like Britain and U. S. A. were cut 50 or 75 or 90 per cent—on the principle of an income tax—on the ground that the big Powers were the greatest menace to the world. However, I do not see this being done—it is too sensible! I return now to the ideas of *equality* and *safety.* My proposition is that the Conference in February should begin to reduce to the level of Germany and Company. That bit of disarmament was all done within three months. Some of the experts who did it are still living. They could be called, and perform the same surgical job on all the belligerents! This would bring safety more than any other possible operation. Quite important, also—it would prevent Germany and Company striving to arm up to the level of other nations!—a step which the defeated nations now have a "moral" right to take.

But, you say, France would block such a move. May I say here (I certainly have no French-bias, product as I am of hundreds of years of English and American ancestry) that the tendency is to name France as the "auto that holds back the line" of progress towards disarmament. My opinion is that France would favor such a drastic, thorough-going disarmament as much as America or Britain. These two would disarm down to Germany's level no sooner than would France. These nations, so far, show quite as distinct a regard for "safety" as does France—when you take into account her position.

The two measuring sticks I am using in considering the problem of disarmament are the principles of *equality* and *safety.* These are essential to permanent peace. France will be slow to disarm down to the level of Germany. Compared with Britain and America, she has good reasons. But, if the other nations show a willingness to take the risks she takes (especially if some international air-police plan could be worked out) I believe that she would respond to *disarmament to Germany's level* as she was the first to respond to America's proposal, which resulted in the Paris Peace Pact. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Tyranny of Liberty

A Play by Eleanor Wood Whitman

SCENE 1

A simple home in Russia; the living room brightened by a shining samovar before the fire; at a table two young men, Stasya, the Russian, who has just finished a course of tutoring under Liova, the Jew.

STASYA: Is it true that they refused you entrance to the university?

LIOVA: Yes, they said that I came just outside the one-tenth of Jews allowed; but they accepted my arithmetic because I put it out under a Russian name. Isn't that a joke on the all-wise university authorities?

STASYA: A joke? It is fine that you take it so good-naturedly, but I call it a disgrace for the authorities to shut out any race. I don't care anything about Jews, but I have found you to be a man.

LIOVA: I never thought that I liked Russians, but you care for the great and beautiful things just as I do.

STASYA: Ah, it is you that have shown me the vision of Liberty, Liova. Let us be brothers bound together by our devotion to the Lady Liberty. Do you know about Saint Francis? (*Liova shakes his head.*) No? Well he was one of our church saints who was a real man. He loved the people so much that he espoused the Lady Poverty as his bride. Let us take the Lady Liberty as our guide.

LIOVA (*grasping Stasya's hand*): Aye, we will follow her until all people are free from oppression. (*Unnoticed, the mother of the household has entered with her Manorah candlestick, and has proudly heard Liova's words.*)

MOTHER: Here is your torch for liberty! (*She holds it above her head, then puts it on the table, lights it, puts both hands over her eyes and, with head thrown back, says a brief prayer under her breath. The young men watch reverently as with encircling motions of the arms she seems to draw the fire toward her heart, saying*) In the depths of our souls the fire of freedom burns.

LIOVA: Mother, you shall be Liberty's priestess to keep the fire burning.

MOTHER: The flame shall never die. Now let us pledge our loyalty in a cup of Russian tea. (*Goes to samovar.*)

LIOVA: Yes, let us drink to Liberty. (*Passes cups.*) To the Lady Liberty I vow my life.

MOTHER (*looking into her son's eyes*): To her I give my all.

STASYA (*clinking his cup on the other two*): Across the world I shall follow her if need be. For six months, Liova, you have taught me mathematics, but the ideas that I have learned from you mean much more to me; they will make a new world with a fair chance for everybody. I want to help make that new world. Let's print your little paper, "The Star of Liberty," in Russian too. Let's get it into a million homes in Russia. Let's plan now—(*A loud knock at door startles the young men. Before the mother can reach the door it is opened and a Cossack steps in and ceremoniously holds out a paper toward Liova*).

LIOVA (*taking ticket from pocket*): You see you cannot take me to the army for I drew a blue ticket.

COSSACK: This paper orders me to search these rooms for copies of a paper called "The Star of Liberty." Ah, there it is; ha, ha, ha, see the star! (*Taking paper from table and laughing derisively.*) Where do you think this star will lead you?

LIOVA (*snatching the paper from his hand*): It will lead Russia to liberty. It will free her from such

worthless guardians of the state as you! It will lead to a new day when the people shall say what kind of a Russia they want—a Russia with a chance at life for everybody.

COSSACK: You dare defy the government, young man? You are a revolutionaire; I think you are the person for whom we have long been hunting—the editor of the "Star of Liberty." Oh ho, your star will lead you straight to Siberia! Give me that paper.

LIOVA: No, I will not put it into your cruel hand. I will bring it to the court myself; I will explain its statements and see that it has a fair show. You must take me if you take the paper.

COSSACK (*furiously angry, raises his hand to strike*): You refuse the orders of the government, you cur?

STASYA (*who has not been seen by the Cossack because a screen was between them, now steps forward defiantly, and the Cossack, recognizing him, falls back*): What, a Russian noble here? Does your father know you are in this house of traitors?

STASYA: My father sent me to this man to learn and I have learned things for which he did not arrange. Russia is not fair——

COSSACK: What? You a traitor, too?

STAYSA: I shall see my father at once so you need not report to him.

COSSACK: Not report to him? Oh, ho, shall I miss such a chance? So you want a ticket to Siberia, too? I came for one, I will return for several. Goodby. (*As the door bangs the mother falls moaning on the breast of Liova.*)

MOTHER: Oh Liova, why did you speak? So long you have kept silent. Why did you speak?

STASYA: Quickly I must go to see my father before the Cossack finds him. He can save us from the authorities.

LIOVA: But he will not, and I do not want him to save us from the senseless authorities; tell him to get us passports to America. Oh, Stasya, just to find myself in that great land of liberty with free speech for all! Though they have a high tariff on commodities, ideas are free to enter and to spread according to their worth.

STASYA: Yes, you are right; America is the place for you; no more revolutionaries are needed in Siberia and Russia will not let you speak. All right, I'll do my best; be ready when I come back. (*Exit.*)

LIOVA (*putting hands on his mother's shoulders and looking at her lovingly*): Now, mother, we'll gather all our treasures to take to America. Oh, won't it be wonderful?

MOTHER: But how can we get to America?

LIOVA: I shall use my university money, and yesterday I got some returns on my arithmetic. I will never get any more now. Stasya owes me money, too. In America I can go to the university free. Quick, we must get ready.

MOTHER (*going to candlestick*): Your light must be put out in Russia, but you shall go to a land where it may shine. (*Puts out candle and wraps it in a flannel garment.*) How can we leave the samovar? I've heard they make dreadful tea in America. Besides this was a wedding gift from my mother and from her mother, and from her mother.

LIOVA: The samovar is part of the family; it would be cruel to leave it behind for the old Cossack to carry home. (*A quilt is spread in the center of the floor and the samovar is emptied, wrapt and put into it.*) Shall not the samovar be free too?

MOTHER: Yes, free to give us good tea though we shall not need it so much over there where we shall be so happy.

LIOVA (*Going to table and looking lovingly at his books*): Now which of you is worthy to go to America? Kropotkin? Yes. Tolstoy? Yes—(*the door bursts open and Stasya enters breathless.*)

STASYA: He will not help us; the Cossack got there first; so you must flee. The guards will let you across the border if you pay them. Here is money which I owe you.

MOTHER: No passports?

STASYA: You must go without them. Sleep in the day time, travel at night and try guard after guard 'till one lets you through. Take plenty of food.

And now farewell, my teacher, my brother. Farewell, little mother.

LIOVA: Oh, come with us; I'm afraid they will persecute you now. Come to the land where you can be true to our Lady Liberty.

STASYA: I shall be true to her here and Russia needs me. Write to me and come back, for I promise to have Russia ready to treat you fairly some day soon. Goodby, you to freedom; I to battle. (*Exit.*)

(*Mother covers her face with one hand in prayer a moment, then goes to tie bundle.*)

LIOVA: Oh, America, out of the darkness we come to you for the light of freedom to spread over the world. We stretch out our arms to you, not for ourselves alone but for thousands who are crushed under the heel of autocracy. You who once revolted from a tyrannous power know how precious is the right of everyone to live his highest. Your torch of Liberty beckons to us. We come with joy and hope.

MOTHER (*kneeling by her bundle, also stretches out her hands to America*): We come with faith, oh welcome us!

SCENE 2

Dingy office of a printing shop in a back street of an American city. Walls decorated with both Hebrew and English posters. Liova at desk, writing by a shaded light. His attitude and action show that he is feeling deeply what he is writing. Unseen, Stasya steals in and watches his old friend.

STASYA (*putting his hand on Liova's shoulder with mock ceremony*): Sir, you are arrested for—working overtime.

LIOVA (*leaping up with fright which quickly turns to joy*): Oh, Stasya, how did you come here, and why (*kissing him on both cheeks*)? Mother, mother, come! My heart's brother bound for life to my Lady Liberty, how have you fared?

STASYA: Into a dark cell did my Lady lead me. Was that fair? Should not Liberty call to the open air?

MOTHER (*entering hastily*): Can it be Stasya? My other son, welcome!

LIOVA: Did the Czar's arm reach you? But to think that it never can happen again, since the arm of the worker now rules Russia. How wonderful!

STASYA: Yes, unbelievably good news.

MOTHER: We must celebrate with a cup of Russian tea, but alas, our samovar is sold for rent.

STASYA: Didn't you have enough money?

LIOVA: Yes, enough to get here, but then—oh, I had to go into a factory at first, and that was slavery, Stasya, pure and simple. I quit to find something else, but before I found it we had to sell our samovar.

MOTHER: But I can make good tea without it; you shall see. (*Exit.*)

LIOVA: So the Revolution has come.

STASYA: I never dreamed that it would come so soon, else I should not have left. But I wanted to see you and the land of our Lady Liberty. Have you been true to her, Liova?

LIOVA: That I have, but it has cost something, even in America. You frightened me tonight, because I have been half-expecting to be arrested.

STASYA: You, arrested in America? Why? You can have committed no crime.

LIOVA: See (*takes paper from desk*), my "Star of Liberty."

STASYA: But surely ideas here—America is not afraid of ideas!

LIOVA: Oh, Stasya, Liberty finds few places where she may warm her hands over the fire these days. Can you believe that a young fellow who wrote an article for me two months ago is in jail now in a solitary cell, living on bread and water, and that I am not allowed to see him or take him food?

STASYA: No—impossible! They treated me better than that in Russia. I saw my friends and bought my own food.

LIOVA: For two weeks they chained him to the bars of his cell, and kept him standing for eight hours a day with bare feet on the cold stone floor. But that, thank Heaven, has been stopped by the Government.

STASYA: That's it, tell the Government, tell the people; I can't believe that America will long allow it.

LIOVA: That is why I am keeping my "Star of Liberty" shining. I hunted out this place where I think the authorities cannot find me. I work for the printer, and he lets me do my paper at night. The big papers won't print anything about the political prisoners, and my friend is so young, just a beautiful boy, loving Liberty as we do. I am afraid he will die in prison; he is like a young eagle beating his wings against the cage.

STASYA: And the only thing you can do to help him is to print this little Hebrew paper? The Americans cannot read that, you child.

LIOVA: Of course not, but neither would they read it in English, and ideas spread, Stasya, if you get them out in any language, especially ideas about Liberty. But, oh Stasya, I am afraid that America must face a revolution soon, because they will not stop to think, they will not listen, they ask no questions about their prisoners. Tonight I have been writing my editorial, listen:

Oh rulers of America, we of the old world came to you for Liberty. Why are you afraid of our ideas? If they are wrong they cannot go far, and if they are right will you not welcome them? Hear us before it is too late. Your workers are beginning to hear us. They know that there is no true freedom where they are chained to their jobs like feudal serfs. They know there is no true liberty where a few employers hold in their hands the fate of thousands of men with their wives and children. Let them use their minds and hearts in their work, as well as their skill! Transmute the chains of servitude to the bonds of brotherhood by cooperation. Set free the dreamers in your jails who have come to you with high hopes from other lands; set free your own sons who long to break the chains of the workers. If you do not, beware——

(*Loud knock startles Liova, who hides his paper and goes to the door.*)

LIOVA: Good evening. Will you come in? (*Enter businesslike, well-dressed man.*)

ROBINSON: Robinson is my name. I understand that you are publishing a little paper here, called the "Star of Liberty." May I see it? Oh, here it is. Ha, ha, ha, see the Star! Where do you think this Star will lead you?

STASYA: Good Heavens, just the words of that Cossack.

LIOVA: It will help to lead America to true Liberty. Mr. Robinson, meet my friend, just arrived from Russia.

ROBINSON: Straight from Russia, well I declare! That was a fine Revolution you had; you knocked the old Czar out of the way, didn't you? But of course you left too soon to see that great deed.

STASYA: Yes, I got the news while on the boat, but it seems that I am here in time to see America's Revolution.

ROBINSON: Revolution in America? Don't bring your old-world ideas over here. We have no Czar.

LIOVA (*passionately*): Who put those political prisoners in jail for their ideals? Money is America's czar. Souls and bodies are nothing to the men who can make money out of them. Those who hold ideals that destroy the autocratic power of employers must go to jail. That is the "Liberty" with which America has lured us to her shores. Money must be dethroned!

ROBINSON: Oh ho, is that what you publish in your Hebrew paper? I have been looking for the editor of that sheet, and I believe I have found him. I have had some of your editorials read to me. They foster disloyalty. Come with me and see what an American Judge thinks about your "dethroning" America's liberty to do business as she pleases. (*Throws back coat showing badge and presents warrant for arrest.*)

LIOVA: Good God.

STASYA: He *was* the Cossack in other clothes.

LIOVA: America's liberty, did you say? Is liberty the right to trample on others, to drag me off to jail for standing for the freedom of all instead of a few?

ROBINSON: You folks come over here to get what you call liberty, but license and laziness is what you mean. You've got to learn what America means by liberty.

STASYA: Must one go to jail to learn? Is that America's university?

LIOVA (*to Stasya*): Call my mother; (*to officer*): What am I to expect?

ROBINSON: For printing a revolutionary paper a Russian recently got thirty years.

LIOVA: I know him. Perhaps now I can see him and help him. (*Enter mother and Stasya.*)

MOTHER: Oh, my boy, are they taking you now?

LIOVA: Yes, mother, I am a captive not in Babylon or Russia, but in America.

STASYA: And to think that I helped you come to America to escape Siberia!

ROBINSON: Come, my men are waiting; we came prepared to get you, though we did not know you were the editor.

MOTHER: Oh what shall I do without my boy?

STASYA: I will see that your mother is cared for, Liova.

LIOVA: Farewell, dear mother, now; some day we

must travel farther to find Liberty. But you, Stasya, will surely seek the new Russia.

STASYA: No. America needs me more. Shall our Lady Liberty be turned out of her own land? I shall wait for you, brother, and work for you. (*As Robinson pulls Liova along Stasya secretly signals to him that he will keep his paper going. Liova waves his hand with joyous understanding.*)

MOTHER (*falling on her knees, moans*): I pledged to give my all to Liberty.

STASYA: Some day our Lady Liberty will come leading him back to you. But we must help her. We own no tyranny but that of Liberty.

MOTHER (*grasping Stasya's hand and smiling up at him through her tears*): We will keep her fire burning.

END

The Study Table

India, the Down-Trodden Country

The British Empire is becoming a serious burden to India, as well as a serious hindrance to the progress of the British themselves. Some Americans, however, hold that the British Empire is and will continue to be an unqualified blessing to India. Among these is Mrs. Patricia Kendall. Her book purports to be a "quest for truth." The title page carries the fine dedication, "To India for the truth can make her free." One feels that perhaps a new prophet has arisen, and one plunges into the book with a hungry zeal to find some new gospel of world-wide salvation.

Opening the pages at random, in a Boston bookshop, my eye fell upon the following words:

> Abdul Ghaffar Khan, leader of the Red Shirts, who brought about the bloody April riots.

This refers to the butchery of several hundred Indians by British soldiery in Peshawar on April 23, 1930. We might as well start in right here and find out how much "truth" Mrs. Patricia Kendall obtained when she went to Peshawar, to investigate what she calls the "bloody riots."

I went to Peshawar myself in October, 1930, and was there one week. What happened was as follows: The Congress party had decided to cooperate with Gandhi's movement (the salt-raids had begun) and they determined to start the picketing of liquor-shops in and around Peshawar on the morning of April 23. This did not involve civil disobedience, and the so-called Moslem "Red Shirts" of Peshawar have never accepted Gandhi's principle of civil disobedience. These Moslems are religious people and they hate the liquor-business and all other forms of vice. The British authorities were determined to prevent the picketing of the liquor-shops.

On the morning of April 23, as nine of the Red Shirt leaders were starting out to picket, they were arrested and brought to the police-station which is next to the Kabuli gate. The street in front of the police-station was packed with people who had gathered to see the arrested leaders brought in. These people were entirely peaceful and unarmed. No resistance whatever was made to the arrest of their leaders. Without giving the slightest warning of its approach, an armored car, conducted by the British deputy-commissioner, Mr. Metcalf, came through the gate at full speed from the direction of the cantonment, and plowed into this helpless mass of people, crushing to death and wounding several. Mr. Metcalf then got out of the car, and as he was going into the police station he was hit and wounded by a stone thrown by some one in the crowd. Hereupon, Captain E. H. Cobb, of the police, who was city magistrate of Peshawar, gave orders to the troops, who had been ordered out in anticipation of trouble, to fire on the people. Hundreds were killed. An English captain in Peshawar made the remark in his mess, that evening, that the whole affair had been an "awful butchery." For making this unguarded remark, he was transferred to another far-distant post, dismissed from Peshawar in disgrace.

I met Captain E. H. Cobb on a ship coming from Karachi to Basra in April of this year. He was quite cool about the whole business. Seemed to think that he had acted like a hero in ordering the massacre, but admitted that Mr. Metcalf had made a "mistake" in going to the police-station in an armored car. "A deputy-commissioner," said Captain Cobb, "has no business driving about in an armored car."

Any fair-minded person can see that Abdul Ghaffer Khan had nothing to do with this killing. To say so is to state a falsehood. Patricia Kendall, in her "quest for truth," made a bad start on page 12, for on this page are two bold and noisy falsehoods. The second falsehood consists of a statement first circulated by the New York *Times* on May 22, 1930, which Mrs. Kendall repeats, as follows:

> The Red Shirts' present leader, Mian Jaafar Shah, is one of those returned emigrants who were taught the doctrines of bolshevism at Tashkent in Russian Turkestan. Tashkent is a town where the Soviet has established a school of Indian propaganda.

I saw something of Mian Jaafar Shah in Peshawar and later in Delhi. He is a well-educated, well-to-do landowner, living near Peshawar. He took me in his car on a 100-mile tour and I lunched in his house. He told me he had never been in Tashkent or in Russia. He and his Red Shirts repudiated bolshevism and Communism in all its phases. "Red Shirts" was a name unscrupulously given to them by British newspaper correspondents at the time of the Peshawar massacre. Their object was to represent that affair to western readers as an explosion of bloody Russian Communism. The color of the uniforms worn by these "red shirts" is not red and nothing to suggest red. It is a maroon or mulberry color. The correct name of these people is "Servants of God," a name which certainly does not suggest influences from Moscow. What irritated the British against them is that they are working for the moral and social uplift of their people, involving the suppression of the liquor business and other forms of vice.

To state that Mian Jaafar Shah has never been

*"Come With Me to India." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

in Tashkent is to impeach the honor of British journalists in India. When I told two British journalists in a Delhi hotel that Mian Jaafar Shah had never been in Tashkent and that he was not a bolshevik, they were much upset, and wanted to have me tried by a court of journalists in Delhi, "for letting down the craft." The trial never came off.

Patricia Kendall has yet to learn the difference between the technique of truth and the technique of untruth. She writes well, but has too much gullibility for a person who desires to make a "quest for truth."

Continuing on page 12, the British kindly provided her with an "armed escort" when she went to visit the Khyber Pass. She tells us that when her eyes surveyed this armed bodyguard she had a "very imperial feeling." She felt like a British general.

Anybody who reads "Come with me to India!" will ask himself where Patricia Kendall learned geography. When she was in Madras she saw the sun set in the Bay of Bengal, a part of the sea that lies directly to the east of Madras. She saw this odd sight twice. She says, page 127:

> In the middle of the day we rest in our darkened rooms (in Madras), but when the sun drops into the Bay of Bengal, . . . etc.

Again on page 166. A self-complacent English official is telling Patricia what a great blessing to India the British government really is, when "the sun drops suddenly into the Bay of Bengal."

Patricia Kendall calls Madras "the Plymouth Rock of English settlements in India." To see where the British landed in Madras made her think of the Pilgrims who landed in Massachusetts. Her heart is brim full, and she breaks forth into one of the finest rhapsodies in her book (all her rhapsodies are confined to the subject of "nordic" superiority):

> Reverence fills our hearts for those courageous souls, blood of our blood, creed of our creed, race of our race. Blazers of the English path, brothers of our pilgrim fathers, we salute you!

This is touching, but one asks, where was Patricia Kendall born in the United States? The only clue which she vouchsafes to the reader as to her origin, antecedents or traditions is on page 346:

> With all the inborn horror of a full-blooded Southerner for the terrors of Reconstruction days in the South after the Civil War, I cannot but recognize that the multiplied terrors and threats to the British inhabitants, because of Gandhi's exhortations, were even more perilous.

We have therefore to do with a southern lady who has lived, apparently, through all the unspeakable horrors of Reconstruction days in the South immediately after the Civil War, and who knows all about what those horrors were, as a result of the slaves having their chains broken.

I spent three weeks in Madras last winter. I had the feeling that the place was just like what Charleston or Savannah must have been in the days of Negro slavery. Personally, I do not love slavery as much as Patricia Kendall seems to love it. It has a beautiful side, of course. The gentle Indian servants in the Madras hotel (I really loved them) all called me "Massa," and then when I saw British police sargeants knocking down gentle Indians who were picketing British cloth shops it did not make me think of the gentle pilgrim fathers who had been practically kicked out of England because they did not wish to be the political and religious slaves of the British ruling class. The Indians in Madras are more like the gentle pilgrim fathers than are the foreign nordics with their clubs and revolvers.

Then there is the question of child murder, which, according to Mrs. Kendall, is practiced almost universally in India. She puts all her proof on this head into the mouths of Hindus. But since the population of India has increased in ten years from three hundred and twenty million to three hundred and fifty million, one is permitted to believe that some of the girl babies are allowed to live.

Mrs. Kendall's book is strikingly like "Mother India," but it is refreshingly free from the sexy quality which was such a shining characteristic of Miss Katherine Mayo's masterpiece. We congratulate this latest author on her freedom from this particular monomania.

On the whole, Mrs. Patricia Kendall seems to have benefited little from having been born in the country which was founded by the Pilgrims. She denounces Gandhi for his maintenance of caste, but shows herself in this book to be the living embodiment of the caste spirit herself. She turns with high-browed disgust from the piteous sights of Indian poverty and distress, and listens with rapture to the strains of "God Save the King" (page 50), but forgets that our own pilgrim fathers were never thrilled by this music. She is a "full-blooded Southerner" (whatever that may mean) but, in her case, it obviously means that she is full of the unlovely race-hatreds and color-hatreds which the curse of Negro slavery engendered in this country. India asks for bread, and Mrs. Kendall gives her a stone.

It seems to me that Mrs. Kendall has some good undeveloped instincts, but she smothers them, and she has been led into the same mistake that Miss Mayo made, the belief that she can help Britain by harming India. The British are a remarkable people, and they will continue to be a remarkable people no matter what happens to their empire, their king, their house of lords, their established church and all the rest of their feudal curiosities.

Mrs. Kendall, like Miss Mayo, repeats gossip, without taking the trouble to look under the skin of things to find out whether the gossip is true or untrue. No problem of human advancement today bulks so large as the question of India. Here the issue of life or death, freedom or slavery, is involved for one-fifth of the human race. Underneath all the froth of political unrest, this question is, in its inner and deeper implications, a question of religion. India today lies shackled before the eyes of the world. Here people are in a terrible abyss, and they are reaching above them to find a rope with which to lift themselves out of the abyss. The common people of India have never done anything to lift themselves up. Their religions have always kept them down.

Christianity uplifted the slaves and the common people in the Roman empire. But today the trail has been lost. Can we find it again? What belongs to one part of the human race belongs to

all the other parts. The time is at hand when we must take account of our stock. Patricia Kendall is handicapped because she does not see the human race as a whole, and this is the sad catastrophe which has overtaken her in her "quest for truth." Her book is without a single human touch, a single ray of humor, a single word of religion. So far as any flowers of the heart are concerned, her 432 pages are about as arid as the Rajputana deserts. The only parts of her book that are free from her icy race prejudice and nordic superiority are the cover, the paper jacket and the index, all of which are fine.

Our author says that the truth can free India. Of course it can. The truth can free anybody. The truth can free England. The truth can free Patricia Kendall.

EDWARD HOLTON JAMES.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Christmas Things

Our feet have wandered too far
From the Bethlehem stable and star.
The resplendent tree and its glittering ball
Have shut away the Child in a stall;
The dazzling confusion of trinket and toy
Have blurred our love for the Worshipful Boy.
Only our spirit's King of Kings
Expects no gifts, and wants no things.

MARGARET LATHROP LAW

The World

The world cannot be sorrowful for long.
Misfortune will beget the voice of song;
And all the woe that weighs our hearts today
Will be as dust the wind has blown away.

GEORGIANA BALE KING

Arraignment

I thought no enterprise could weigh
With listening at a rose's lip
To catch its messages for May,
Till, coiled like lost blood or a whip,
I saw a bread-line yesterday.

I dreamed no deed could be more bright
Than counting stars like cosmic sheep
And spinning rhythms by their light,
Until I found a child asleep
Against a garbage can last night.

LORI PETRI

Prayer of a Myope

Who am I that *my* grief bites
Sharper than the world's hard pain?
What blurred focus bids me count
Mine the loss or mine the gain?

I a pulsing in the Vast
Living Flux, amorphous, far—
I a glancing, fractioned beam
Struck from some insouciant star!

O to see with Godhead's clear
Cosmic Vision, deep and high!
To be lifted from the sore
Compact vacuum of I!

ETHEL MIRIAM PICK

Hokku

Creeds are jails in which
Men imprison happiness,
Shutting out freedom.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

The Fellowship of the Cross

I bear my cross of war and count the loss
Of life. I cry, "America's black gain".
I paint a flag and stretch it far across
My country's gate, "This is my cross of pain".

And deep within the German heart and deep
Within the French a voice cries through the dark,
"O world of hate, within this place we keep
Our cross of war. We let its wide arm mark

"The pain we bear, the ancient grief we own".
And now I see the tumbling cross of wood,
The cross of war no man need bear alone—
There is no cross in that kind brotherhood.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

Correspondence

A Journey to the Caribbean*

Editor of UNITY:

The Seminar in the Caribbean was launched last winter by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America as an experiment in bringing leaders here into something more than casual touch with the leaders of the Caribbean republics. The experiment met with so enthusiastic and appreciative a response both here and in the Caribbean that we feel justified in planning to repeat the experiment this winter. We are therefore announcing the Second Seminar for the dates January 23-February 10 (inclusive, from New York).

We will, this year, have programs in Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Santo Domingo, Panama, Haiti and Cuba. A few of the members will omit the visit to Panama and spend a week in Santo Domingo and Haiti, motoring over the island, visiting various inland cities and the Citadel of Christophe.

The Seminar offers a stimulating introduction to the life and problems of the Caribbean area, combined with an opportunity for rest and recreation.

The faculty will include Lincoln Steffens, Chester Lloyd Jones, Ernest Gruening, Thomas E. Brenner, Leland H. Jenks, Samuel Guy Inman and Charles Thomson.

Any of your readers who may be interested in applying for membership in the Seminar should write me.

HUBERT C. HERRING

The Committee on Cultural Relations
With Latin America,
112 East 19th Street, New York.

*See announcement in this week's "The Field."

The Field

(*Continued from page* 234)

the Caribbean, of the wealth—cultural and material—of the area, of the charm of the islands and the people. They returned equipped, in new measure, to serve as interpreters in this critical and important section of our international responsibility and privilege.

The Second Seminar in the Caribbean will be held from January 23-February 10. Membership is open upon application or nomination, to editors, writers, lawyers, business men and women, college and university professors, artists, clergymen, librarians, social workers, officers of civic organizations and others whose business or profession gives them access to substantial sections of public opinion.

Itinerary

The members of the Seminar will sail from New York on the S. S. California on January 23, 1932. Visits will be made to San Juan, Porto Rico; St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; Santa Domingo; Colon and Panama; Kingston, Jamaica; Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Ha-

vana, Cuba. They will return to New York February 10.

The S. S. California is an excellent steamer of the cabin class type, 23,500 tons displacement, with ample deck space, lounges, swimming pool and arrangements for recreation. One large room has been set aside for the lectures and round tables of the Seminar. The Cunard Line gives us its fullest cooperation in carrying out our program.

The Seminar program will officially terminate with Havana, although informal discussions will be conducted on the return trip to New York. Those who so desire, may secure a stop-over in Havana, or may return by rail.

The Program

The program of the Seminar will be two-fold:

I. The Programs on Shore

In Porto Rico, a program of conferences and a field trip, arranged by Governor Theodore Roosevelt and Chancellor Carlos E. Chardon.

In St. Thomas, a program arranged by Governor Paul Pearson of the Virgin Islands.

In Santo Domingo, a program arranged by the Dominican Committee on Cultural Relations, of which Dr. Francisco Peynado is chairman.

In Panama, an optional program arranged by Mr. Charles Thomson.

In Port-au-Prince, a program arranged by our cooperating committee, of which Mr. Abel Leger is chairman.

In Havana, a program and field trip.

II. The Program on Shipboard

Each day there will be sessions on shipboard, with lectures and round table discussions on the history of the Caribbean republics, the arts, economics, politics and international relations of the republics.

Each member of the Seminar will be furnished with reading lists and syllabi. A library of the best books on the Caribbean will be available on shipboard.

Leaders and Lecturers

The tentative list of lecturers and leaders includes:

Dr. Chester Lloyd Jones of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Charles Thomson of Costa Rica.

Mr. Jose Padin of Porto Rico.

Chancellor Carlos E. Chardon of the University of Porto Rico.

Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico.

Governor Paul Pearson of the Virgin Islands.

Professor Leland H. Jenks of Wellesley College.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, Professor Emeritus of Romance Language, the University of Chicago.

Dr. Samuel Guy Inman of Columbia University.

Dr. Thomas E. Benner, Dean, School of Education, University of Illinois; former Chancellor of the University of Porto Rico.

Dr. Ernest Gruening, Editor, the Portland *Evening News.*

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, writer and lecturer.

Dr. William Franklin Sands, formerly in Latin American diplomatic service now at School of Foreign Service, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hubert C. Herring, executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

Definite announcements of the program will be made in January.

The Special Program in Santa Domingo and Haiti

A limited number of the members of the Seminar will spend six days of intensive study in these countries, omitting the visits to Panama and Jamaica. The members of this section of the Seminar will travel from Santo Domingo by automobile, visiting Santiago, R. D., Cap Haitien and the Citadel of Jean Christophe, and reaching Port-au-Prince in time to spend three days in conference with the leaders of Haiti. They will rejoin the larger group on the California at Port-au-Prince. Dr. Ernest Gruening and Dr. Samuel Guy Inman will be in charge of this section of the program.

The Cost

The committee makes all travel arrangements and furnishes an inclusive rate from New York to New York. The minimum rate is $285.00 and includes a berth in a minimum priced stateroom (two in a room), all meals on shipboard, field trips in Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, the Virgin Islands, Haiti and Havana, the expenses of the program, lectures and round tables. The rate does not include meals on shore (optional, as all meals are served on shipboard), field trips in Panama and Jamaica, tips, steamer chairs, laundry, mineral water.

A considerable number of staterooms are available at the minimum rate of $285.00. The minimum priced staterooms are small but comfortable. They are, of course, located on the lower decks. The use of better staterooms involves an additional expense of $10.00, $30.00 and up, per person. Detailed information on rates will be sent on request. Those who wish higher priced staterooms will be charged the additional amount actually charged by the steamship company.

All arrangements for steamship accommodations will be handled by the business secretary of the committee.

For those electing the special program in Santo Domingo and Haiti, there will be an additional charge of $90.00, covering hotels, meals, automobiles.

A registration fee of $50.00 reserves a place in the Seminar. The registration fee will be returned in full if cancellation is made prior to January first. If cancellation is received after January first, one-half will be returned.

Applications for Membership

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Executive Director of the Committee. In applying, please state profession or business, academic training, membership and contacts with civic and educational organizations.

HERBERT C. HERRING,
Executive Director,
112 East 19th Street, New York

Ralph Waldo Emerson's
VIEWS ON WAR
in four-page article may be had by sending six cents and stamped self-addressed envelope to
MRS. HENRIETTE POSNER
552 Humboldt St., Rochester, N. Y.

Phone Oakland 0489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
JOHNSON'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

The
Oakland :: Press
GOOD PRINTING
Invitations, Announcements, Programs,
Letter Circulars, Business and Personal Stationery, etc.
3913 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
PHONE - ATLANTIC 1876

A GIFT FOR A FRIEND
A Special Offer of UNITY
New Subscriptions
$2.00 for one year, to include the
GANDHI NUMBER
Containing articles by:
Mahatma Gandhi
John Haynes Holmes
Louis I. Newman
Haridas T. Muzumdar
Stephen S. Wise
Marie Falconer
Marguerite Emilio
J. T. Sunderland
Curtis W. Reese
L. N. Gubil Sandaresen
J. C. Kumarappa
Send your order early to
Unity Publishing Company, 700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago